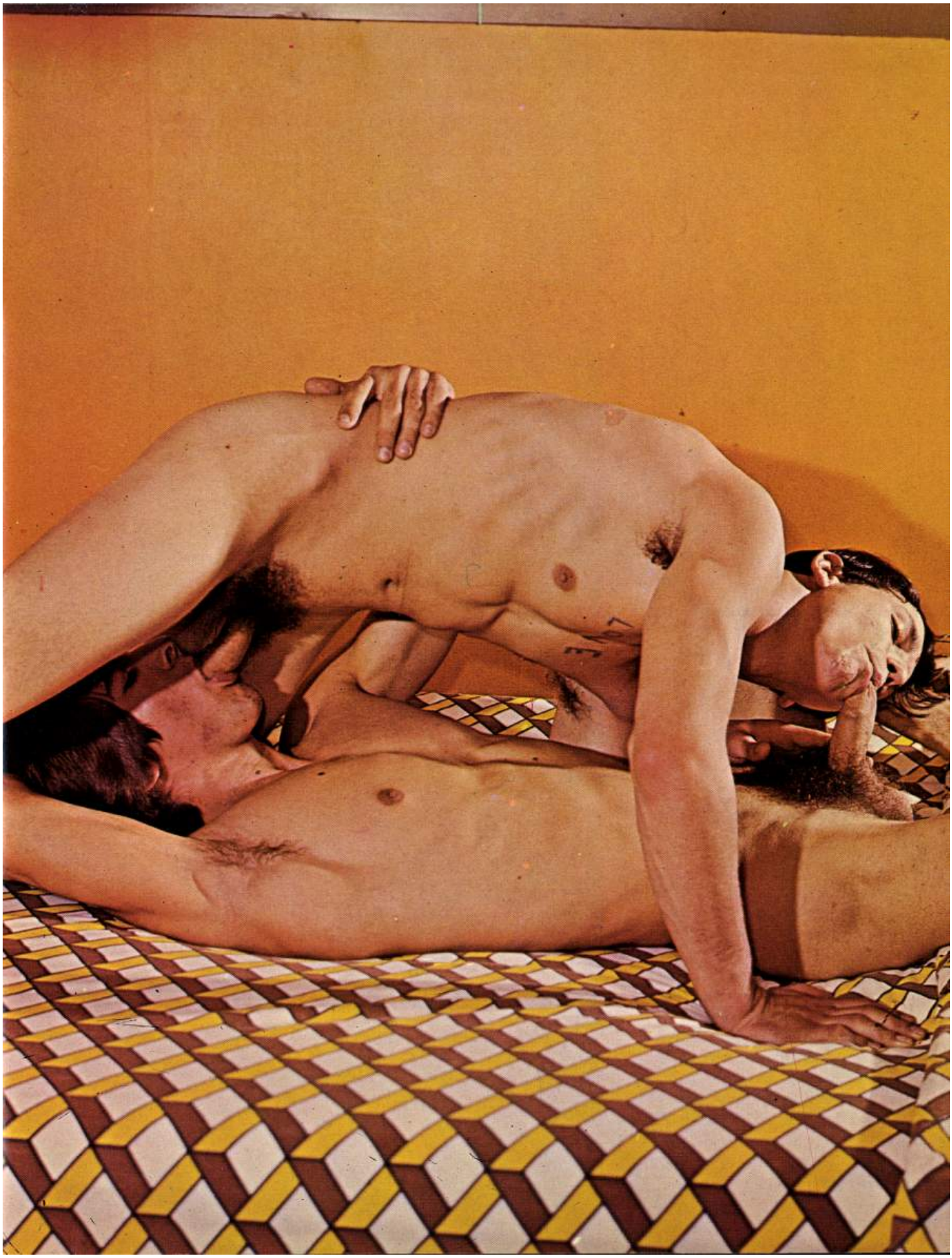
LOVE



* * * *

At the state university I played it very straight. The Gays there were far too obvious for my poor nerve to stand. I had my family's reputation to think of. We lived well in the Jardim America and I fluctuated between wanting to be an architect and a lawyer. The lawyer in me got lost, perhaps because Sao Paulo was growing so fast that being an architect seemed more glamorous—Oscar Niemeyer being the one Brazilian better known to the outside world than Carmen Miranda.

The visits to my mother's family kept me from settling into the attitudes and behavior patterns of one culture.

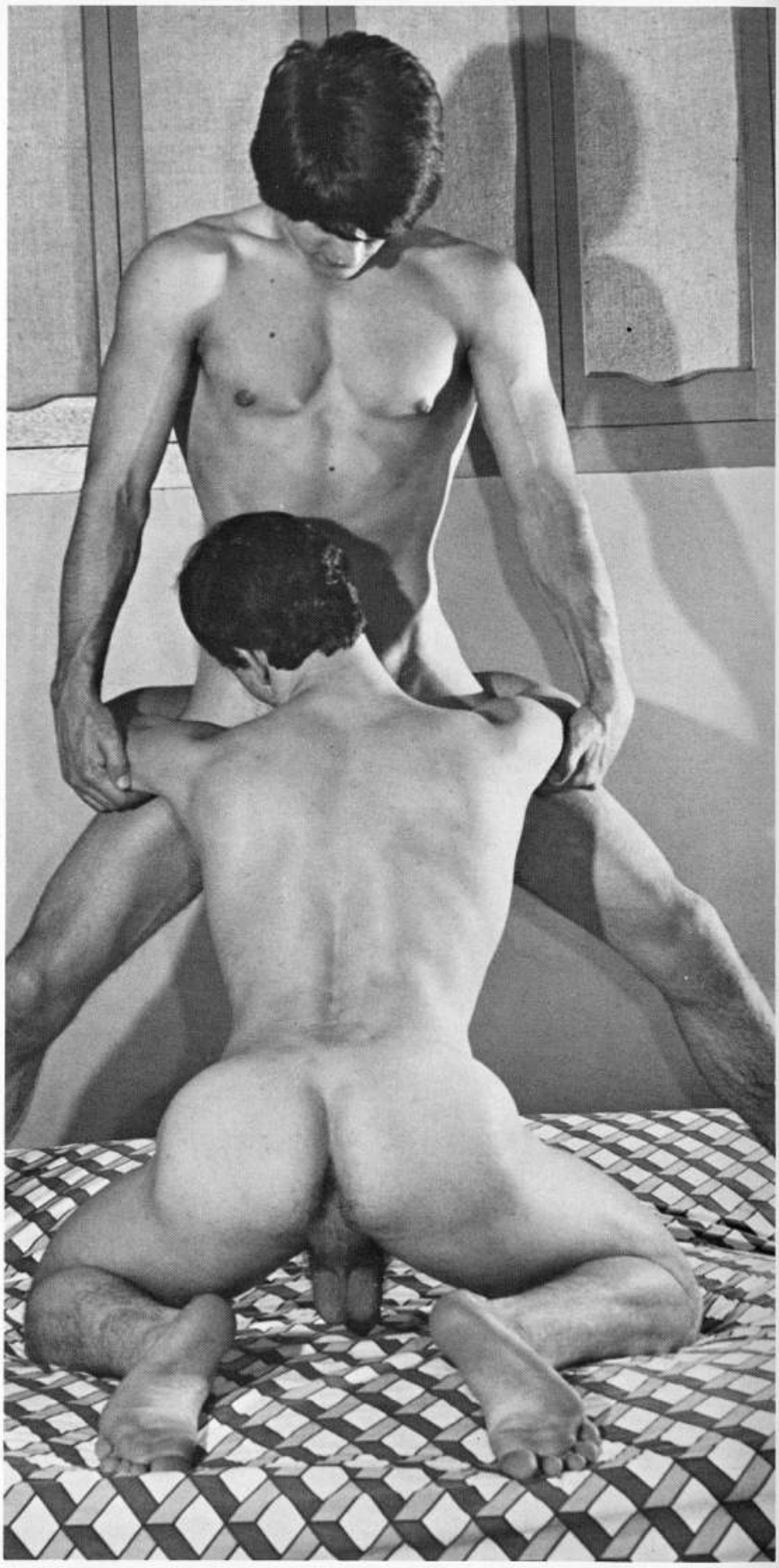
Seattle, like Sao Paulo, is a proud, vigorous, beautiful, growing city and I knew Seattle's gay life inside and out long before I was old enough to enter its thriving gay bars.

Before bars, barbells. Even if I'd become skeptical about the sexual prowess of most weightlifters, I did not quite abandon that field. I worked out in both cities, and in both I placed second or third in a few statewide contests. I still work out in one of the spit-and-polish gyms.

* * * *

I had been doing the bar scene for just over a year when I met Bill. I'd grown fond of the very mixed midafternoon crowd at the 922, a downtown bar I often ducked into on the way from one of our construction sites back to the office. I had seen Bill twice, before the day of the fight, and already had hot pants for him, *real* hot pants.

The 922 is a downtown bar which can have a piss-elegant crowd one minute, and all of them be ready for a roughhouse brawl the next. Well, this day, Bill had been talking to a horrible looking drag queen he made out with now and then, and I was busy wondering if there was any possible way I



could get into his pants—or get what *he* had in his pants into the seat of mine.

Four burly truck drivers came in obviously looking for trouble. They were real queer-basher types. Trouble started when one of them went to the men's john and found Bill's drag friend in there. The bastard got his face slapped and came out raging mad. All four of them started giving the drag some loud sass, and letting everyone know that what they had to say about cocksuckers and imitation cunts was meant for all of us. Two other queens had some sharp things to say about the strangers' masculinity, and one queen dashed them with her beer.

Bill listened, with his head down, breathing hard, then challenged the four to settle it with him out in the alley. "I'll take you bastards on one at a time, and fuck you for a woman when I'm finished!"

I was getting worried. I'd never liked public brawls. And I was afraid, I was certain, that the four bruisers would kill Bill if they went out in the alley.

They didn't wait to get him out in the alley, or to take him on one at a time. One punched him in the gut at the same time another aimed a beer bottle at his skull. The bottle smashed without seeming to hurt Bill much. I didn't exactly see what happened next, except that the guy who rabbit-punched Bill landed on the floor, and all he did from then on was to hold his gut and groan, while Bill had swung around to punch the guy holding the stem of the beer bottle. That punch connected enough that the jagged bottle neck flew across the room while the trucker staggered back against a barstool.

The other two came on Bill then, one from behind, and that was when I got into the act a little. One properly placed foot, and

(Continued on Page 29)

the biggest bruiser landed face down on the floor. Not that he was seriously hurt, but Bill gave him a short kick in the ribs while he put a haymaker on the other one's jaw. That other one was still unconscious when the police arrived ten minutes later.

Bill had seen me trip the other guy, but was too busy to say anything about it right then, because the trucker that'd tried to smash Bill's skull with a bottle was coming back. He looked like the best fighter of the lot, and they traded blows for several minutes, Bill being outsized by at least three inches height and 80 pounds, and looking like he didn't stand a chance. I'd grabbed a bottle by the neck, thinking I might equalize the contest, but I held back, not wanting to turn it into a free-for-all. The queens were all screeching, and one of them jabbed Bill's opponent with something sharp. He spun around for a look, and right then, Bill connected with a solid right to the jaw. The guy went down and stayed down.

Mr. Fat, the one I'd tripped, was back on his feet but Bill made short work of him, and a minute or so later the cops arrived. Everybody was on top of Bill then, congratulating him, and I didn't have a chance to get in close like I wanted to, but his eyes let me know he'd appreciated having Mr. Fat taken out of the action for at least a couple minutes.

The police took Bill and his four sparring partners off. I phoned a lawyer and bailed Bill out. And well, we've been together ever since. There wasn't even much of a trial, far as Bill was concerned.

We went from the jail next morning right to my apartment. I called in sick, and meant to spend the day nursing his wounds. He had a few: mouth split, jaw almost dislocated, and a few ribs that might of been broken, though it

turned out they weren't. He absolutely wouldn't go near a doctor, so I took a week and a half off work and nursed him. We got closer to one another than I'd dreamed possible, particularly with a guy almost in every way my opposite.

I was so desperate to make love to him at first, and so afraid of hurting him where he was already hurting bad that I began to think it might turn out to be a repeat of my affair with Getulio. But Bill was nothing like Getulio. Though I tried to handle him gently in deference to his wounds, he was too fun-loving, too careless of his own wounds to take it easy.

I guess he fell for me too. He got all hot and bothered about my physique, and was fascinated by the fact I was Latin, without making me feel that I was some kind of freak in his mind. He even managed to get my name Joao pronounced right, which is few peo-

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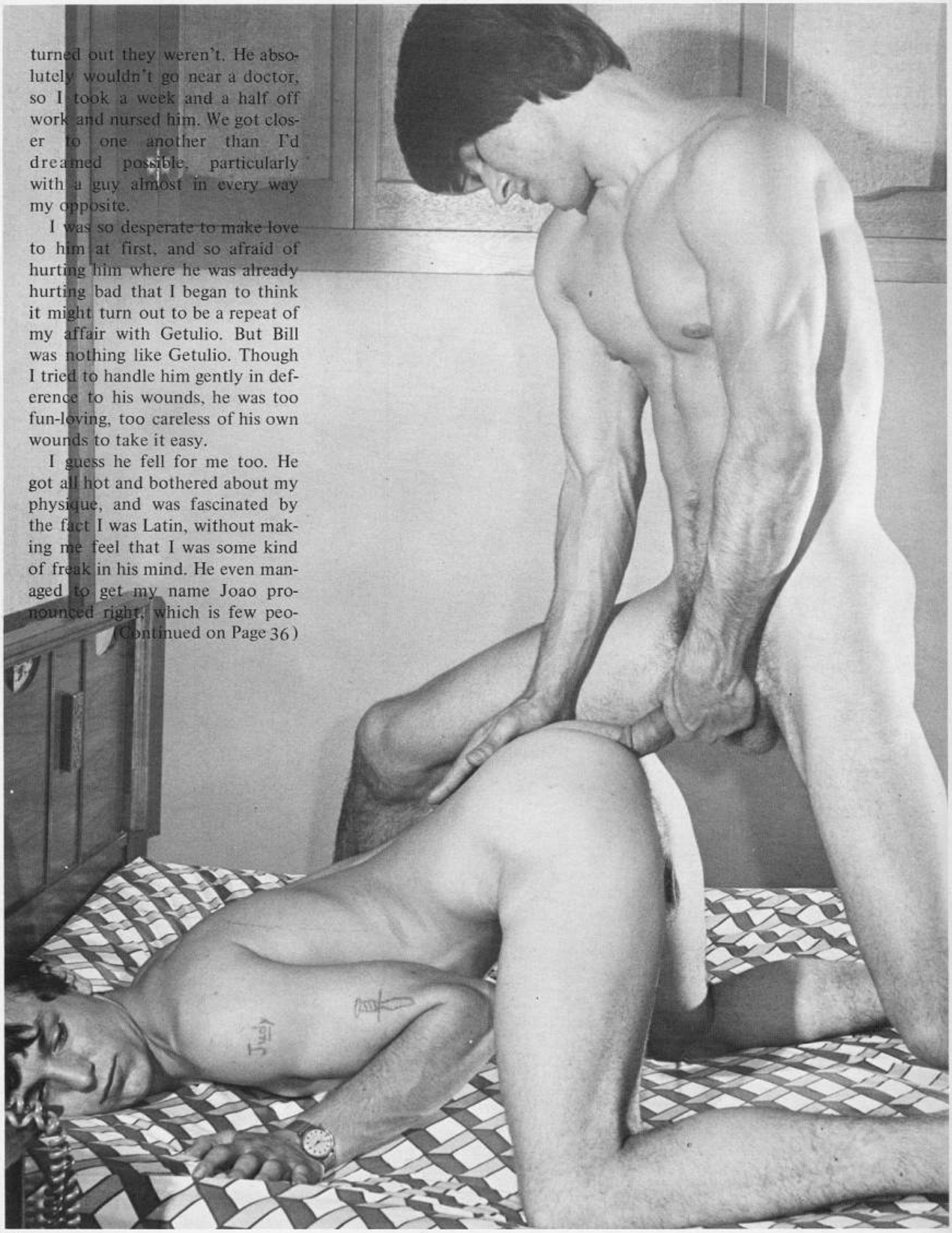

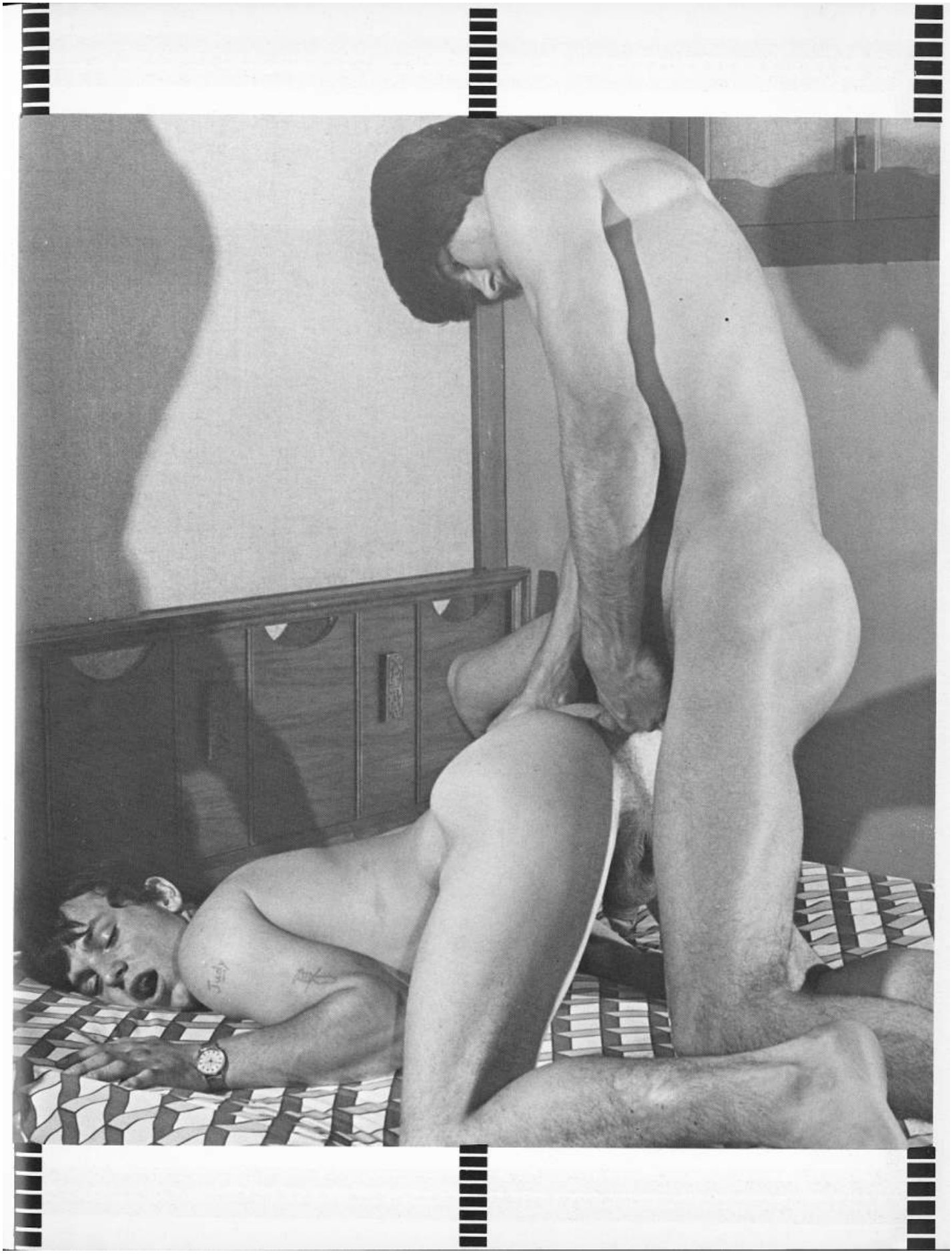

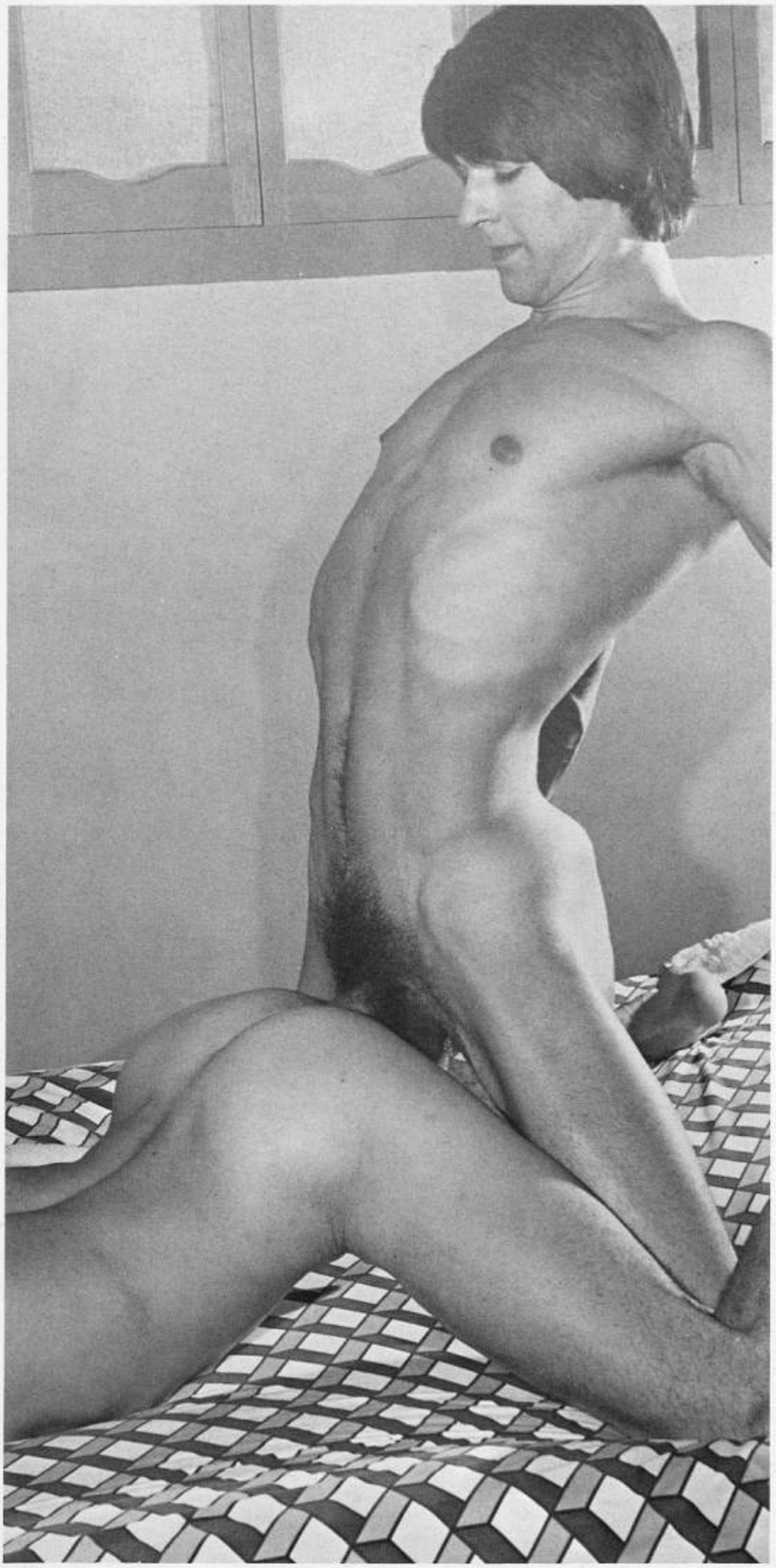

ple in this country seem to do. It's simple, just Jow-o.

I'd made him comfortable on my bed, fixed some tea first and then some thick soup, and had my hands all over him, partly tending his wounds, but really telling him with my hands at least that I was interested in a lot more, when he grabbed my wrists and said, "Fuck me!"

"I'd be glad to," I said, overcome by the idea. I still had my pants on, though my cock had been iron-hard all afternoon. "But we ought to wait at least til your ribs heal up. You might even have broken. . . ."

"I don't give a shit, man! I want you to fuck me, and friend, I ain't never asked nobody to fuck me before. I fucked a lot of guys, but the only times I been fucked was against my will."

My meat was jutting forward in my pants almost right over his jaw.

He was getting my belt open, with time out to rub one of his hands over the bulge—his other hand sore and swollen—and I was still arguing that we should wait.

"Fuck me now," he insisted. "Fuck me dry and fuck me rough. I'm hoping," and here he blushed, "it won't be the last time ya do it, but I want to remember this fucking as long's I live."

He rolled over on his stomach and raised his rump at least eight inches off the bed, groaning because of his ribs, and waited for me to invade him. I felt almost like a rapist. I wondered if he was inclined to masochism—I wasn't ready for that sort of partnership, and I was absolutely determined that I wanted to stay with him for good.

He wasn't a masochist at all, but he certainly wanted me to pain his rear end with that first fuck. I jabbed it in mercilessly, after he took me to task for going easy, and once I got my wind up, I flailed it into him like I've never

(Continued on Page 39)

LOVE

even dreamed of doing with anyone before. I guess it was his way of symbolizing that our relationship was something special. He ground his upturned rump into my blows, grunted in pain and joy, and came three times on the same spot on the bed sheet before I'd cleared my balls of juice.

He never exactly said it, but that act was almost like a seal of marriage between us. It's taken me awhile to realize that it also meant that for some reason I'm sure he could never explain, his ass was thereafter wide open to me, and mine was absolutely closed off to him.

Not that he played the wife to me. He was hung up on that kind of role thing, and I guess the fact that he would get fucked but would never fuck me was something like his way of equalizing our roles. We both worked, and I brought in the larger income by far, but he behaved like the stereotypical husband at home, almost an Archie Bunker, but more easy-going, husky-voiced fun. I suppose he was making himself the wife in bed, while keeping it very much in the manner of boy-play.

* * * *

My working hours are less regular and I'm often back at the apartment long before he is, and every time, I'll make the bed, work my meat up so it'll be ready for him (it always is anyhow) and get to imagining the day he comes home, Levi jacket hanging open to show that crazy tattoo on his chest, him looking serious and joking about me beating my meat, leaning over against the head of the bed so his crotch is almost against my mouth and I imagine him saying, "Can I fuck you, baby?" and I'm so goddamned excited I shoot my cum right out on my chest.

"Ya like the idea?" he says with a catlike grin, and his jacket drops as he leans down to kiss me, and to lick up my cum.

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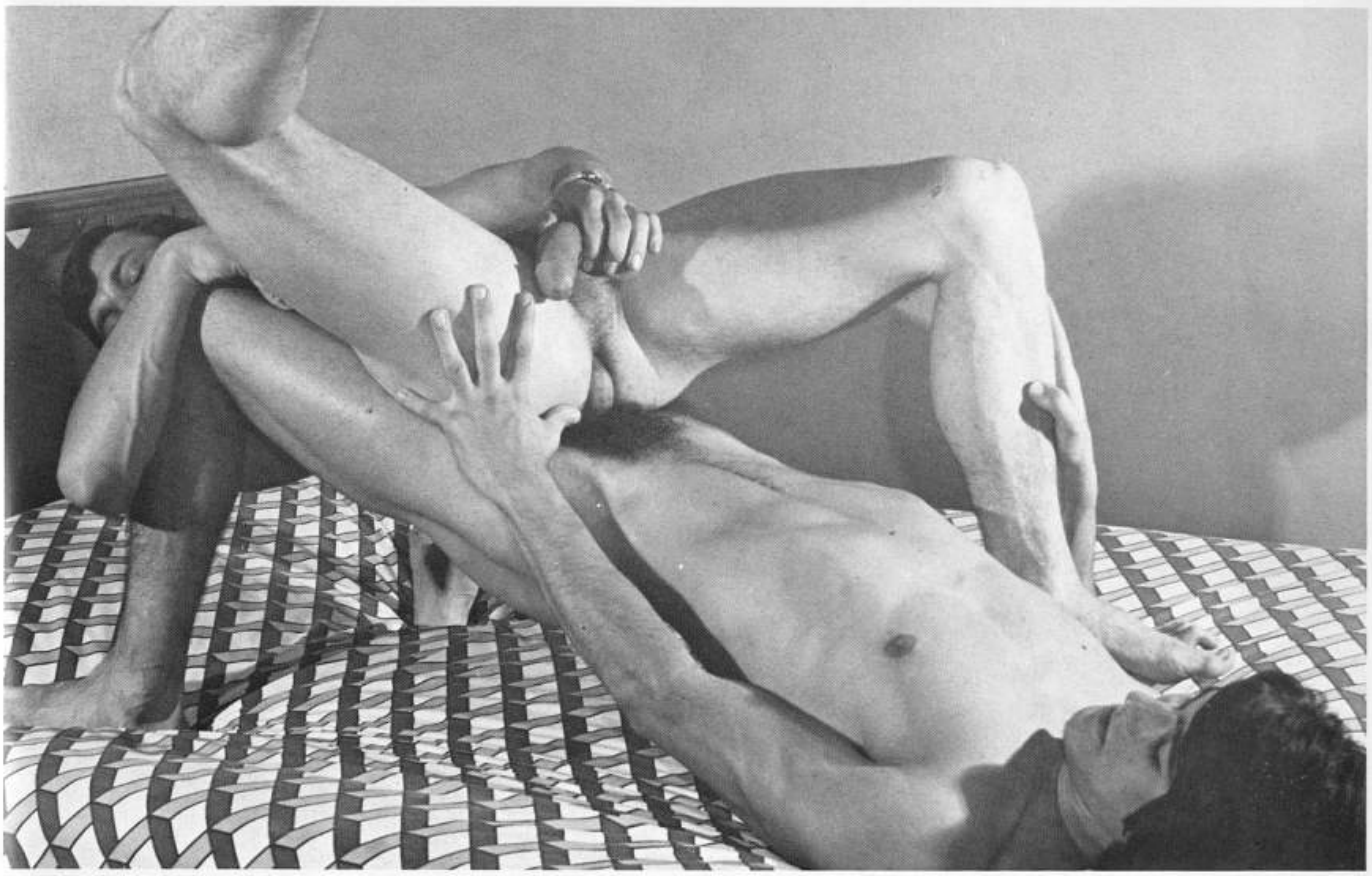

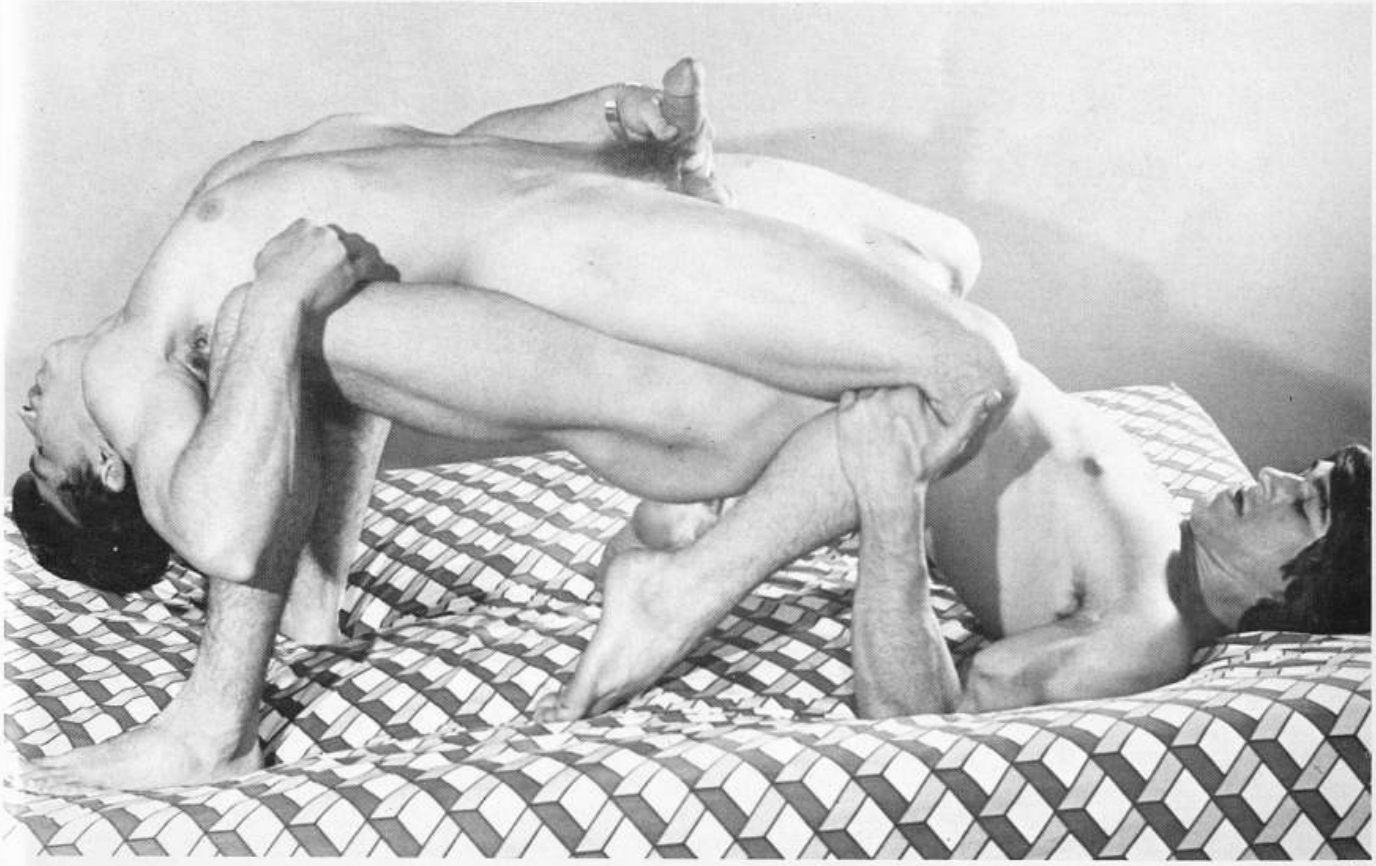

Then he looks up playfully. "Hell, Joao, I wanted to brown ya and ya already shot yer cream."

"Plenty more where that came from. You slide that beauty of yours up my ass and I swear I'll come three more times!"

"Suck me first to git her up," he teased, nudging his bulging crotch against my chin. I sucked him while I stripped his jeans down, got a finger up his ass while we were moving over to prone position, then jerked it out remembering it was my ass I wanted tuned up.

Then, what I'd been waiting so long for: he raises my rump off the bed and plants his hot, stiff tongue into my hungry hole. Then he swings around, his prick at its hardest, and presses it against my tail gate, whispering, "Easy, baby!" He slowly works the head of it, no lubricant except my sweat and his first drops of juice, into me. I almost fall apart, almost explode with relief and joy as that blown-up, hot head forces its way into me, as he starts to pump, thrusting that piston way down my channel, banging into my prostate, opening a way for itself, taking me, soft friction, welcome attack, expanding inside me, throbbing, ramming in and out. . . .

But that's the daydream . . . broken each time by the flesh-and-blood Bill's appearance at the door, so softly butch! At first it goes just as in the dream, him coming over, joking about my premature shooting off, urging me to suck him, moving down into a passionate 69, literally inviting my fingers up inside his hot rectum (and I love it!) but never breaching mine, though his calloused hands caress my buttocks, fingers almost finding the hungering hole.

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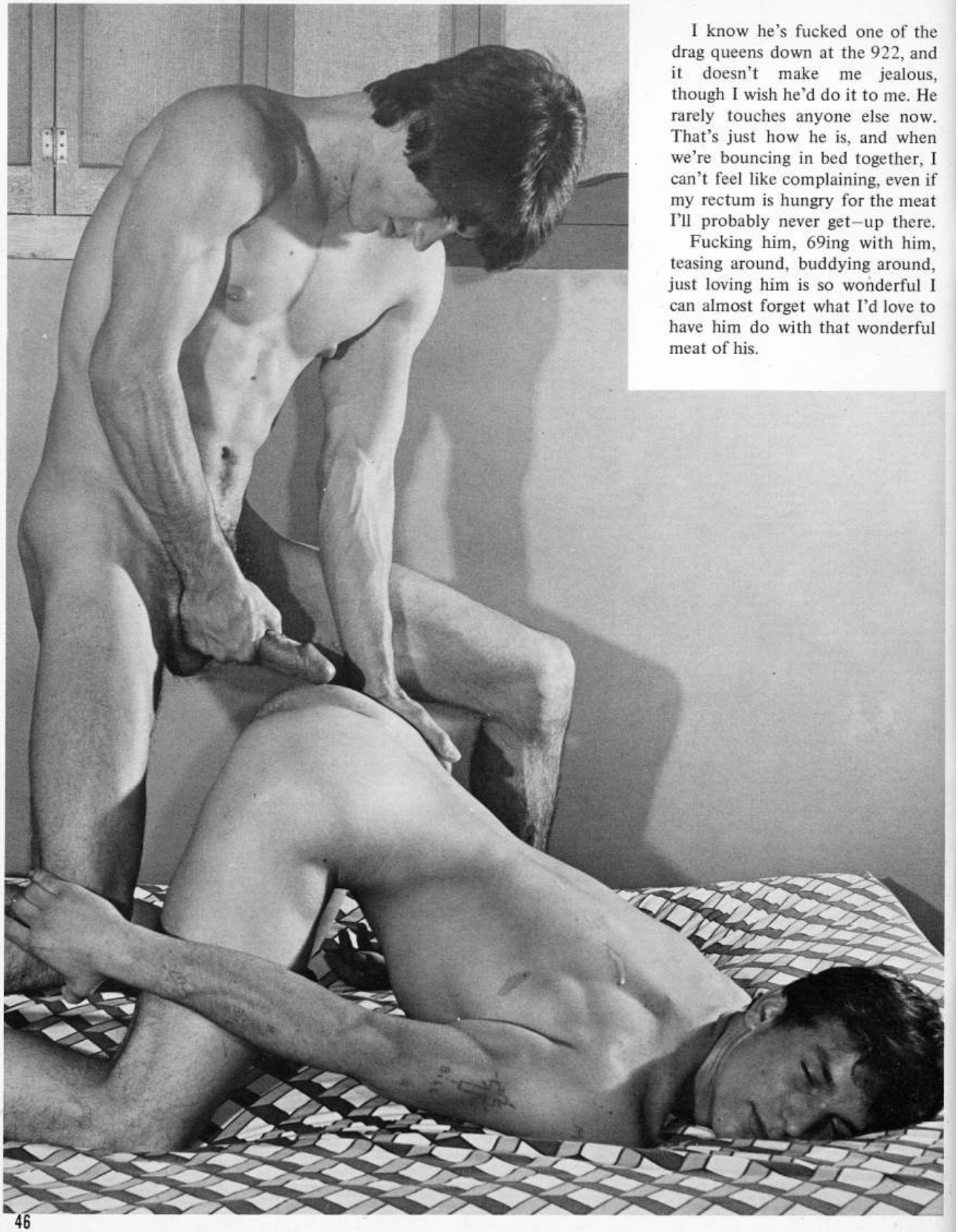
LOVE



I know he's fucked one of the drag queens down at the 922, and it doesn't make me jealous, though I wish he'd do it to me. He rarely touches anyone else now. That's just how he is, and when we're bouncing in bed together, I can't feel like complaining, even if my rectum is hungry for the meat I'll probably never get–up there.

Fucking him, 69ing with him, teasing around, buddying around, just loving him is so wonderful I can almost forget what I'd love to have him do with that wonderful meat of his.

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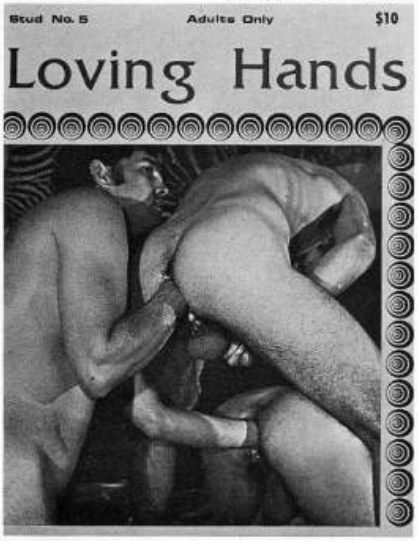

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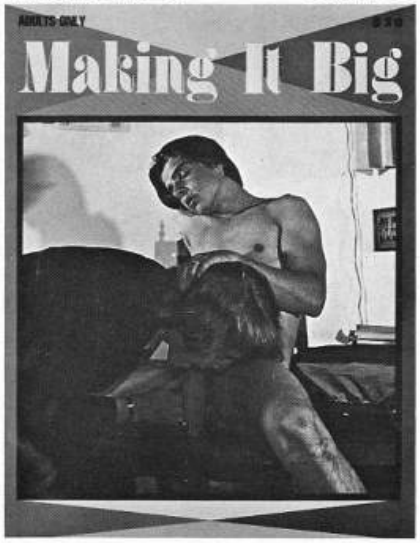

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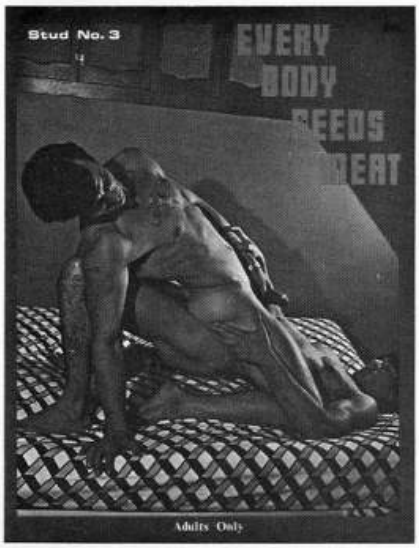

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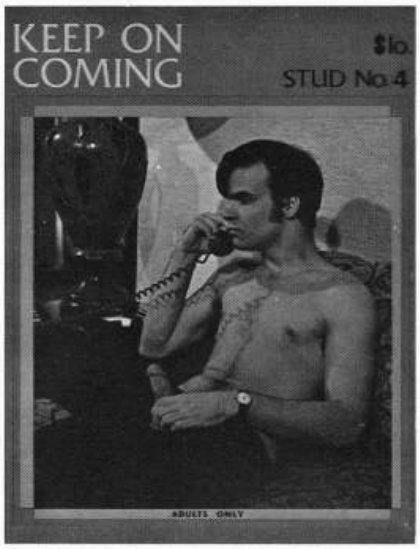
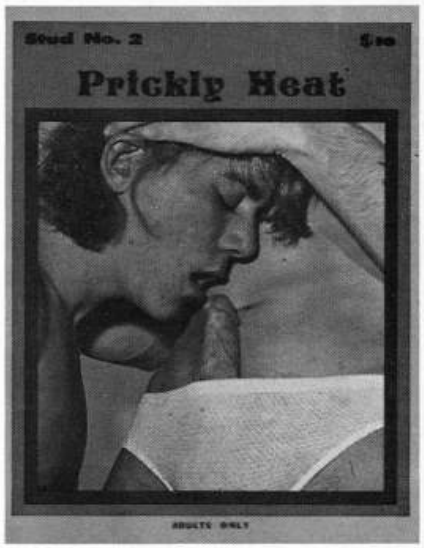


Keep On Coming ☐



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